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FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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THE MYSTERY AT COTTONWOOD GROVE

BY FRED CORNELIUS

JACK SMITH and his brother Clyde had spent a wonderful vacation on their uncle's ranch in the southern part of New Mexico. They had hiked and ridden all over the big ranch and the dry mesa country north of it. Many of these trips were made alone, save for a Mexican guide. Their uncle would never allow them to go very far without José, for he feared they might be lost on the desert.

But it was the very first trip of this sort that came near spoiling their vacation. They were going to a place called Cactus Spring. Here a jet of hot water spouts up between two big rocks, forming a basin for a clear, hot spring.

The distance was about forty miles from the ranch, and the boys had planned to camp at a cottonwood grove half way between the ranch and Cactus Spring. It was nearly dark when they arrived, tired and hungry, at the cottonwood grove. José wasted no time in cooking a supper of bacon and eggs, while the boys made down their beds under a large cottonwood tree.

Jack and Clyde were not accustomed to José's queer ways, and could not at first trust the Mexican. His dark face and sphinx-like expression, made him seem dishonest to the boys, though their uncle had said that the young Mexican was honest and harmless despite his odd ways.

After supper the Mexican made his own bed not twenty feet from where Jack had made his, which did not altogether please Jack. Jack and Clyde undressed and went to bed, just as they had been in the habit of doing at home; but José, knowing more about camp life, crawled into his blankets with his clothes

on. Jack took his purse from his trousers pocket and put it under his head. He thought it would be safer there than anywhere else.

Long before the fire died out, the two boys were asleep; for they were very tired. Just before midnight, there was some kind of noise which awakened Jack. He opened his eyes and looked about. The moon was shining, and he could see almost as well as he could in the day time. He saw the Mexican sitting with his back against the cottonwood.

"What are you doing, up?" Jack wanted to know.

"Me no sleep in bed. Sleep better sitting up," came the sleepy answer.

Jack was very sleepy, so he dropped back into sound sleep before you could count fifty, and the sun was peeping up over the distant mountains when he opened his eyes again. José was building a fire and Clyde was dressed. Jack jumped up and pulled on his trousers, then looked for his purse. He gave a surprised cry; for the purse was gone.

"What in the world is the matter?" Clyde asked.

"My purse is gone," said Jack, "and I know where it went."

"Do you think that Mexican took it?"

"Of course I think so," answered Jack.

Hearing this, José came over and stood before the two boys. "I no steal purse," he said and turned his pockets wrong side out for inspection.

"Of course you have hidden it in some place and will come back for it later," said Jack.

"I no steal purse," repeated the Mexican.

"Well, what were you doing, up, last night?" Jack asked again.

"I no sleep good in bed. I get up to sleep by tree. And now I help look for purse."

So everything was stopped and they looked all about for the purse. Every leaf, as well as the loose sand, was moved from around Jack's bed; but no purse uncovered.

"Where did you put it?" asked Clyde.

"I put it under my pack," said Jack, "and my pack was under my head."

"Then how could anyone have taken it without your knowing when he did it?"

"That is a mystery to me," said Jack, "but it is gone, so someone must have taken it. Besides, something did awaken me, and José was sitting against that tree. Why would anyone sit up to sleep instead of staying comfortably in bed?"

"Does seem funny," agreed Clyde, "still, let's take another look. He may be telling the truth." They all made another good search, but with the same result, no purse.

Jack and Clyde began to make their packs and José started out for more wood to finish cooking breakfast. He showed no sign of being worried, and the boys could not understand this. They didn't know that José was part Indian, or that Indians never show by their faces what they are thinking. "You can't tell a thing about him," grumbled Jack, "got a face just like that old sphinx in the Geography."

The boys were very much discouraged. Even though there were only a few dollars in the purse, it was hard for Jack to lose it, especially this way. They decided that they would go on and make the trip, and then they would report the affair to their uncle. He, no doubt,

would make the Mexican give the purse up.

Fifty yards from the camp, was a large pack-rat's nest. Now pack-rats have the habit of piling everything they can carry on their nests. There are always sticks, bones, joints of cactus, and grass in these piles, all of which make good fuel.

José had used some of this fuel the evening before to make the fire. Now he was going back for some more of it to finish cooking breakfast. The boys were watching him, with frowns on their faces. José began pulling at the sticks and grass. Then he saw something on the very top of the pile that made his heart jump for joy. He waved his hand and called loudly for the boys. They went running. The Mexican pointed to the top of the pile of rubbish, and there, half covered with bits of grass, was the purse.

"Pack-rat packed it here to make house," said the excited José, "you no put it under head very good. Pack-rat find it."

Jack dropped his head in shame, and Clyde was so excited he could not speak for a full minute.

"I no steal him," the Mexican was saying.

At last Jack mustered up enough courage to speak, though it hurt. "No, José," he said, "you did not steal it; and how can you ever forgive me for accusing you of it?"

"Me forgive," answered José, "you no used to Mexican mens. Me forgive it."

"After all, we should have known that any man that Uncle Tom would send out with us would be O.K." said Clyde.

"I go cook bacon, eggs," said José, and thereupon dismissed the subject from his mind. But it was quite some time before the boys could stop talking about it. Finally they did, however; and they went boldly on their way, feeling perfectly safe with José.

THE TRUE STORY OF A QUAKER CAT

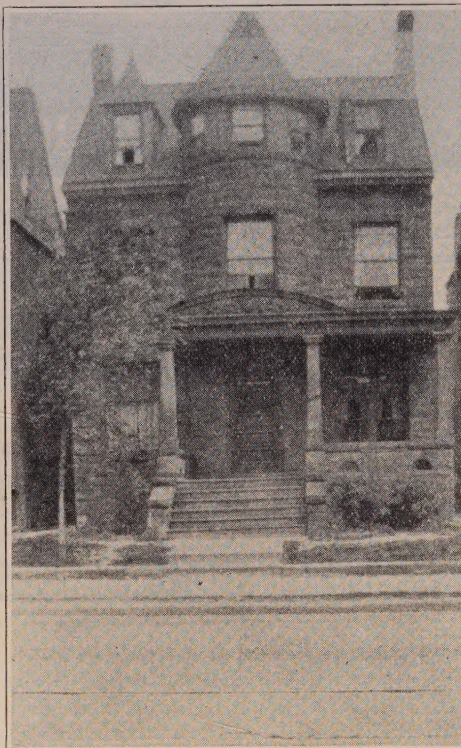
By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

In the long ago when Philadelphia was new, there once lived a cat that belonged to Mrs. Eliza Hard. Her husband, Mr. Hard, and the great Quaker, William Penn, were old friends. It was William Penn himself who invited Mr. and Mrs. Hard to cross the Atlantic in a little ship, and come to live in his colony where they would have freedom to worship God in their own way.

That doesn't mean much to us because we are used to it. But in those days all who refused to obey the king and go to his church and say the prayers he told them to, had to go to prison.

Mr. Hard was a rich man when he lived in England, but Mr. and Mrs. Hard left their beautiful home and everything they had to come to Philadelphia.

At first they lived with Mrs. Hard's sister and her family, in a cave. Then, with their pet cat, they lived in a tent while Mr. Hard cut down trees, and sawed logs, and began building a house



The Cradle of "The Lone Eagle"

By GEORGE F. PAUL

It has been said that houses take on something of the personalities of those that live in them, and, further, that about all houses cling the memories of things that have happened within their walls. Can it be, then, that the old rooming-house at 1120 Forest Avenue, in Detroit, retains some feeling of pride for having sheltered the birth of Charles A. Lindbergh?

Quite recently this rather ornate old building was sold to the Detroit Swedish Engineers' Society. It is the intention of the Society to preserve the house as a tribute to the lad who added another achievement to the records of his race.

The story of the boy who came from this spot in a busy city to make a name for himself is well told in the tablet of bronze which has been affixed to the house and which bears the seal of the City of Detroit. The inscription reads:

"This tablet marks the birthplace of CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

The first aviator to fly from New York to Paris was born here February 4, 1902, the son of Charles A. and Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh. After flying alone 3,640 miles in 33½ hours, May 20-21, 1927, Captain Lindbergh was decorated by France, England, Belgium, and Spain, and awarded the distinguished flying cross by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States."

with his own hands. Mrs. Hard tried to help him, but as she had never done any work in her life, she used to get so tired he was sorry for her.

One morning Mrs. Hard whispered to the cat, that they had no food left in the tent. She wouldn't tell Mr. Hard because he had troubles enough of his own. That good Quaker cat, without saying a word to any one, went out hunting in the woods.

All the morning Mrs. Hard tried to help Mr. Hard saw logs. At last he said to her, "Thou, my dear, better think of dinner."

She went in the tent and cried because there was not a scrap of anything left for dinner, and there were no stores in Philadelphia. She would have to beg food from her sister.

Suddenly Mrs. Hard was ashamed of her tears. She wiped her eyes and said her prayers. She asked God to forgive her and said she trusted Him to provide them with food.

Just then in walked the cat with a big rabbit for her to cook, that he had caught in the woods.

When Mr. Hard came in from his work, he wondered what smelled so good, and there in the tent he found a delicious dinner ready for him. And the Quaker cat purred and purred, and PURRED.

"When the air is made a highroad and the human voice finds the ocean no obstacle, we are living in a new world whether we realize it or not."

Grandma's Treasures

By EDNA A. COLLAMORE

In Grandma's house things seem to stay,
They're hardly ever thrown away.

She has a picture Daddy drew
In eighteen hundred ninety-two,

A very wobbly candle-shade
Aunt Mabel, when a school-girl, made,

And jigsaw brackets all about
That Uncle Frank liked to cut out,

A kindergarden worsted mat,
Clay paper weights, and stuff like that,

The presents every grandchild brings,
She treasures them like precious things.

And once when Polly dared to say,
"Why don't you throw this trash away?"

Grandma looked shocked and shook
her head,
Then round us both her arms she
spread,

"I love you all," she said to her,
"And I love those little ones you were."

A Desert Pet

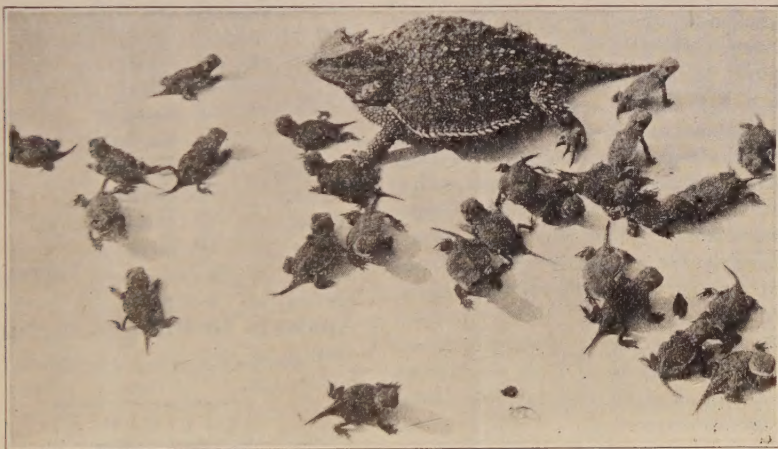
By Esther E. Reeks

MARY MAY had never been in the Southwest until her father was ordered to Arizona by his doctor. At first, she did not like it there, the weather was so hot and everything was so strange. But after a bit she got used to the heat and came to love the strangeness of the desert about the little town where they lived.

Mary's cousin John, whose home was right next door, knew all about everything—at least so it seemed to Mary May. This made it more interesting to her, for he was always willing to take her on little trips of exploration and to tell her of many things quite new and fascinating.

One of their first discoveries was a strange-looking creature which they came upon, basking on a rock among the sands. It was almost the color of the rock, itself, buffy with gray-and-brown markings, and as bumpy and rough as any stone could be, with two funny horns on the back of its head.

"What a funny toad!" exclaimed Mary May.



"HORNEY" AND HER FAMILY

"That's not a toad," scoffed John. "Toads don't have tails. Lots of people do call them toads, though—horned toads. But they are really horned lizards and are cousins to the big Iguanas you read about in the tropics. Want it for a pet?"

Mary was not quite sure she wanted such a queer-looking pet, but her cousin was already after it. It did not move until he was almost on it, then it scurried away with a queer sidling gait. Soon, however, he had it by the tail; then he wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

When they arrived home, the boy made a pen of sticks driven well into the ground close together, in which to keep the new specimen. Here it had room to exercise and the soil was sandy and warm, so it seemed quite content.

Then began a busy time of gathering

food for the new pet. "Horney," as they called it, certainly had an appetite. Every fly that came its way was devoured and all the ants from a hill in the pen disappeared. Near by was a bush on which were a quantity of plant lice. Branches from this were cut and placed within reach. Under a rotting board near the water tap, mealy bugs collected. These, too, were welcomed. Mary thought they should give Horney water, but John said horned lizards never drank. After some experimenting in the matter, his cousin decided he was right about that.

When Horney had had a full meal, John would take her in his hand, where she would lie quite happily for some time. Mary May never quite got so she liked to handle the odd little creature, but she did love to scratch its sides gently with a stick and see it swell up like a rubber ball and show every sign of enjoyment at the attention.

One morning when the cousins went out to see Horney they discovered a dozen or two tiny little Horneys in the pen with her. They were exactly like old Horney in shape and though they were not more than a half inch in length, they were just as rough and horny.

Neither of the young folks knew just what to think of them until John remembered having heard that baby horned lizards were born at about this time of year.

"Whoopee!" he exclaimed, "Horney's got some family, but it doesn't seem to trouble her much."

Sure enough, the raising of a family did not trouble her a mite, for after having brought them into the world, she paid no more attention to them than she would had they been so many pebbles. Nor did they seem to need her care. The weather was warm and they knew without being taught how to eat aphids and the like when hungry.

"We'll soon have more than we can do trying to find feed for so many Horneys," remarked John when they were about a week old. "Guess I'll pull up the

stakes and let them all go where they please."

To this, Mary May agreed, so the family was turned loose. For a long time afterward, however, they stayed about and now and then the children would see one of the little Horneys and wonder at how much it had grown.

The Trivial Act

By F. DUPUY

Deride as you may the trivial act,
The deed that lacks world acclaim,
The sound of the trumpet, the cheers of
mob,

And niche in the Hall of Fame,

Aloft where mountains meet the clouds,
Where glaciers have their birth,
What tumbled the ice ledge to the void?
What loosened the yielding earth?

A trickle fed from the glacier's foot,
Like a silver gleam from the plain,
But it toppled the mountain chief to the
gorge
And ended the ice king's reign.

The waves surge high and are crested
white,
As the merchantman leans to the
storm,
The channel is narrow, the lightning bolt
Marks a reef where the breakers form;

Coral, hard as the granite rock, formed
By just atoms frail,
But a touch to the wheel by a guiding
hand
And the ship out-rides the gale.

Not always the clarion call wins out,
The waving of standard proud,
A whisper can quell, if it rings but true,
And conquer the turbulent crowd.

Then hearken at times to the other man
Who apes not the Leader's role,
When climbing the heights, or sailing the
sea,
'Tis he may be heading for goal.

A Winter Song

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

Sing a song of winter time,
Sing it every day,
In January, February,
All along the way.

Sing a song of snowstorms,
Children feeling gay,
Up hill and down hill,
This is what they say:

"Sing a song of frosty days,
Ice has come to stay,
Come out, all boys and girls,
Come out with us and play!"

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear B. C. Members:

From a collection of prayers for children published recently in *The Boston Transcript*, we clipped the following because it seemed so very appropriate for our use:

God make my life a shining torch
To shed afar a cheerful glow;
That gloom may vanish, gladness come
Along the pathway which I go.

This little prayer was used at the last morning flag-raising at a girls' camp in Sundridge, Ontario, last August. It was written by the leader, Miss Edgar. Shall we adopt it as our Club prayer? Or will some boy or girl send a prayer that he or she likes better? THE EDITOR.

137 BRIDGE ST.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and go to Unity Church in Springfield, Mass. Our minister's name is Mr. Eames. My teacher's name is Mr. Babcock. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and would like to correspond with someone. I like to do the puzzles in *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,
JOHN MILLER.

427 WEST THIRD ST.,
DULUTH, MINN.

Dear Editor: I have been reading *The Beacon* every Sunday for a long time. I would like very much to join your Club and know more about the other children in it. I am twelve years old and should like to correspond with some girl in another country. I go to the Unitarian Church. Our minister is Mr. Adlard and my teacher is Mrs. Adlard.

Your new friend,
EUNICE LOWRY.

2226 RIPLEY ST.,
DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Dear Editor: I belong to the Beacon Club. I am very much interested in the stories in *The Beacon* and work almost every puzzle. I like them very much. I am ten years old and would like to correspond with some girl of my age.

Yours very truly,
MARIAN SOENKE.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

22 GAYHEAD ST.,

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am thirteen years old and am a pupil at the Jamaica Plain High School. I like the stories published in *The Beacon* very much and would like to become a member of the Club. I would very much like to correspond with someone of my own age.

Yours truly,
CONSTANCE EATON.

Indian Stories

By M. B. BROWNFIELD

Most of us see so few Indians today that we forget that they were the first Americans and roamed a large part of our country. But there are still many full-blooded members of the tribes of the Black-foot nation. Some of those from the Peigan and Blood tribes live in the National Reservation at Glacier Park. One Indian that we are all familiar with is Chief Two Guns White Face. You don't know him? Then just look at a buffalo nickel—his profile is on it!

If you want to learn more about Indians from a real Indian you can probably get from your public library *Indian Childhood* by Eastman. Of course Eastman is not the author's original name for he is a real Sioux.

Two boy's books about Indians that are good are *With the Indians in the Rockies* by Schultz and *Boy's Catlin* by Catlin. In the first-named book a fifteen-year-old boy goes up the Missouri river and spends a winter with the Indians.

The legends of the Indians are fascinating because they loved the outdoors and made so many stories about clouds, storms, rivers and animals. *Canadian Wonder Tales*, by Macmillan, is some of this folk-lore gathered from the Indians. One of the first to study Indian legends was Mr. Schoolcraft, and his *Indian Fairy Book* is very interesting. The legends of Southwestern Indians are told in many stories by Emma Lindsay-Squier who has also written such good animal stories. She obtained the original legends from the descendants of Indians and then made them into fiction.

One more good Indian book is the *Magic Forest*, by White, in which a boy comes by chance into a forest where there are friendly Indians.

Puzzlers

Enigma

I am composed of 18 letters and am something to stick to the whole year through.

My 6, 12, 12 makes my whole.

My 10, 2, 6, 18, 16, 1 is a social time.

My 4, 11, 13 is one of the persons who should keep my whole.

My 8, 5, 10, 14 is what we all need at night.

My 17, 16, 3 is the time for work.

My 1, 9, 3 is what my whole should be.

My 14, 15, 7, 5 is what some people do in connection with my whole.

MARJORIE ELLICOTT.

Twisted Names of Girls

1. Eraolen
2. Ainigriv
3. Elsoiu
4. Alrac
5. Ramiim
6. Rarbaab
7. Umriel
8. Soliee
9. Htide
10. Ryma

E. LOUISE COOK.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 16

A French Crossword Puzzle.—

L	I	V	R	E
O		A		L
U		L		E
V	A		A	V
R		M		E
E		A		S

Beheadings.—1. S-pear. 2. S-hovel. 3. C-row. 4. D-rake. 5. W-heat. 6. A-corn.

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